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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. VII

DECEMBER 3, 1943

NO. 7



CARLSTROM GROUND CREW ON THE ALERT DURING NIGHT FLYING

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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FIRST SOLO

by A/C R. W. O'Donoghue

Dorr Field

"Do you think you can take this ship up and bring her down by yourself—without tearing it up?"

You sit there a few seconds waiting for more to come. All of a sudden you realize he is talking to you. Your heart runs up to about 2200 RMP, your stomach starts a power dive, a million things flood through your mind. Then as everything settles back to normal (if you call that dark green feeling inside of you normal) you squeak, "Yes, Sir." What have you said? But it's too late now!

As your Instructor climbs out of the plane with that smile on his face (the one you've seen on the canary's face after he ate the cat) your heart dives; then you are brave once more. The Instructor turns around and says, "Take her up, Son, she's yours." Now you see on that tunic those silver wings you'll be wearing in a few years, pardon—months.

As you taxi down to the end of the field you feel the eyes of your Instructor on you and you know you just can't make a mistake. As you pour on the coal and lift the tail off the ground and go hell bent for election down the field, you forget about your Instructor.

Having gained flying speed, you ease back on the stick and you are off. You touch the brakes to stop the vibration caused by the wheels turning, then turn your attention to doing what the instructor told you time and time again. Just as you reach 380 feet you level out and adjust your trim tab; then you make that turn, climb to 580 and make that other turn.

As you cruise along on the down-wind leg, you suddenly become aware that you are alone! What a feeling! You feel like you could lick your weight in lollipops but you realize that this is business so

Continued on Page 13

Letters to the Editor

"Birchfield"
Hebden Bridge
Yorkshire, England
October 9, 1943

Dear Jack Hopkins:

I feel that I must write to you to thank you for your friendship and the kindness shown by you to my son, Derek Holdroyd, while training in your camp at Clewiston. He was very sorry to leave some very good friends there. I guess you will hear from him when he gets through his course.

I receive the Fly Paper very often and I am enjoying reading them very much. I am hanging on to them till Derek returns. He is now at SFFS Carberry Airpost, Manitoba, Canada, and sounds very happy.

I hope he gets what he set out for, PILOT, as he is very ambitious to get there. I am enclosing a photograph of him.

I wish you, "Hoppy," and your Fly Paper every success and the best of luck. If still at Clewiston, remember Derek to Johnny Roy, Charles Slater and yourself.

Kindest regards to you from Mr. Holdroyd and myself.

(Mrs.) J. Holyroyd

Editor's Note: Thank you very much for the photograph, Mrs. Holdroyd, and we hope you don't mind our using it with your letter. We knew Derek (Course 13) quite well, and we share with you the wish that he will finish his pilot's course.

Dear Editor:

May I offer the biggest fish story of the year, as far as quantity?

Peter Burton, aged seven, went on his first fishing trip. He baited his hook, threw out his line and removed the fish from the hook.

Total scores for the 90 minutes outing: Peter—9; his parents—4 each. Their chagrin was mixed with pride, whilst Peter was modest as a dictator.

Sincerely,
A member of the party

Editor's Note: Little Peter has such a hard time, we hear, bringing up his precocious parents, Dorothy P. and Willard R., that we think he deserves a good hand for his latest triumph, even if it is a fish story.

Pfc. John I. Rapp
339th Bomb Sq.
A.P.O. 634
New York, N. Y.
November 4, 1943

Hi There,

Never did get time to answer your letter the time before. Anyhow, I sure was glad to hear from you. I've been over here four months and can't say it's so bad. We keep the Forts going and you can well imagine how useful my training from you folks is.

Of course, there are lots of things we

don't do in accordance with T.O., but we don't always have parts to do with.

Met Sgt. Lynch on the boat and we were glad to see each other. Well, here it is the bottom, so will close for now. Hope you and all the others are keeping up the good work. I surely wish I could come there again. I get your paper from home. It's swell!

Your friend,
John

Editor's Note: The above V-Mail letter was written to Librarian Dorothy Burton from Pfc. John I. Rapp, a graduate of Class 1-42-E, our first class in aircraft mechanics.

Bristol, Penna.
November 24, 1943

Dear Editor:

I want to thank the school of Embry-Riddle for mailing me the Fly Paper each week. My son was there for three months in Class 12-43-E. He finished on March 20.

He is going to Gunner School now in Laredo, Texas, and he is now Cpl. William L. Johnston. After I finish reading the Fly Paper I mail it to him and then he passes it around to the other fellows.

I was down in February to see him and I do think it is a very pretty place. Again I want to thank you for mailing me the Fly Paper. The best of luck to all the boys at the school.

Yours truly,
Mrs. W. L. Johnston

Editor's Note: Thank you very much for the nice letter, Mrs. Johnston. We always appreciate any news of our former students, and we hope you will continue keeping us posted concerning the activities of your son.

"Llansawel"
7 Ennerdale Road
Sherwood, Nottingham
England
November 1, 1943

Dear Editor:

You have kindly sent the Fly Paper to my son, Pilot Officer John Alexander Gilbert, R.A.F.V.R., since he graduated last June at Riddle Field, Clewiston, Fla. He has enjoyed them immensely.

He spoke highly of his training out



THIS PICTURE OF DEREK HOLDROYD, former Cadet of Course 13 at Riddle Field, was sent to us by his mother. Her letter appears on this page.

there with you and of his Instructor, Mr. Brinton. His father, myself and his young brother also have enjoyed reading the papers as it gave us an insight into the life John led out in that great country and made us feel that the grand people welcomed him and his friends most cordially. He came to you about November, 1941.

I regret very much to tell you that John crashed in a Spitfire in October. He loved every moment of his flying days and I wish to thank you all on his behalf.

The reason I hadn't written before was that his brother, age 17½, enjoyed reading the papers, but now he has gone to Oxford University for an intensive training preparatory for Tank Corps. So possibly the papers will give joy to some other boys as I know how scarce paper is in these days.

Good luck to your School of Aviation. Perhaps one day when this insane war is over I may have the pleasure of visiting Florida, where my dear boy spent some happy months.

Kindly thank Mr. Brinton especially and others who were in office at his session there.

Faithfully yours,
S. Anna Gilbert.

Editor's Note: Our depest sympathy to you, your husband and son, Mrs. Gilbert. Those who knew John will be shocked and grieved to read the news your letter conveys. If your young son would like to receive the Fly Paper at Oxford, we should be very happy to send it to him. May we express our gratification that our paper has been of service to you in the past.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name _____

Address _____

Grace Taylor Is Instructor at New Sao Paulo School

Life in Cuba for a year as companion and secretary in the home of Sra. Rafael Montalvo, wife of the Cuban Secretary of War, was an interesting experience in the career of Grace K. Taylor of Miami that has prepared her for living in foreign lands. She has once again left this country and has just arrived in São Paulo, Brazil, to serve as an instructor in the new division of Embry-Riddle being organized there.

Mrs. Taylor is the daughter of the late Dr. E. B. Koger, who was for 18 years preceding his death city physician for Miami. Her mother, Mrs. Addie N. Koger, now lives at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., near Chattanooga.

Likes Strange Places

Mrs. Taylor loves to visit strange places and has had extensive experience in traveling. While employed by Sra. Montalvo she lived at the large estate of the Secretary of War on the southern coast of Cuba and during that time she traveled with Sra. Montalvo all over the United States, Canada and Alaska.

She says she loves to meet different people and in Havana enjoyed the social activities of another country. She visited many times in the home of President Batista and in the Presidential Palace. In addition to her work as companion and secretary for Sra. Montalvo, she was also tutor in English for the family.

Mrs. Taylor's life has been a kaleidoscope of colorful experiences. Another highlight of her career that taught her to adjust herself easily to unfamiliar places was traveling all over the United States as a dancer with the Ziegfeld Follies. The company was sponsoring a special attraction featuring Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn and Mrs. Taylor was one of a group of dancers on the program.

She studied at the Denishawn School of Dance in New York City. She has specialized in languages, with a background of four years of Latin, two years of French



GRACE K. TAYLOR

with one year in a private class, and two years of Spanish with a private teacher. Recently she learned Portuguese, as all the instructors for Embry-Riddle in São Paulo were required to do.

She has had secretarial and theatrical experience also, her secretarial experiences covering a wide range of court reporting, medical, hotel, insurance and legal. At one time she was in charge of the Auto License Collection Bureau of Florida, comprising a personnel of 60, and has been employed by Copeland Therrel and Baisden, Miami Beach law firm.

Musician

This versatile little brunette is a violinist and played for three years in the White Temple orchestra. She plays the piano also, and her hobbies include photography and collecting antique jewelry.

Mrs. Taylor taught at Embry-Riddle as substitute instructor in code and theory in the technical radio department. She holds a second class telegraph operator's license and a second class telephone operator's license.

At the Brazilian school she will help instruct aircraft technicians for Brazilian air forces. Before leaving she was trained with a group of instructors especially for the project, not only learning the language of the country, but becoming familiar with Brazilian history and customs. As far as is known, this is the first time in history a complete faculty has been trained to teach technical subjects in a foreign language.

Permanent

The São Paulo school was organized as a result of a tour of the United States by Brazilian Air Minister Joaquim Pedro Salgado Filho last summer, at which time he visited Embry-Riddle's organizations. It has the cooperation and approval of both the United States and Brazilian governments. Organized as a direct part of Brazil's war effort, it will become a permanent institution and will continue in operation after the war.

Bill Lehman Writes Wife During Trip To Sao Paulo

U. S. Army Post Office
November 26, 1943

Dear Joanne:

We are now a couple of hours out after leaving censored where we stopped for fuel. I mailed a letter I wrote this morning while I was there. We are now headed for censored where we are supposed to spend the night.

The base at censored was very nice and the soldiers seemed happier than they were in censored, although they were in a good mood there. We had cokes and ice cream while we refueled. The colored people were picked up there by a car and chauffeur and taken toward censored.

Censored

The two single girls, censored and censored, really had a time last night. The officers were really competing for their attention. It was fun to watch all the officers try to cut the other men out and monopolize one girl for himself.

These girls really have been a treat for the lonesome soldiers at these bases. They are good sports and act real cute for all the fellows, enlisted men and all. The enlisted men gather around when we refuel and just stand and look and look. When they first see them get off, they just act kind of stunned. Then they utter something like I heard one say today, "All this and Heaven too," or "Boy, aren't they white."

I stayed in the pilot's compartment and watched them land the plane at censored. It was very interesting. Just as they bank around to come in for a landing they give each other the British thumbs-up salute for luck. They take turns landing the plane.

Jungle

We are now flying over jungle as thick as any in the world. There are absolutely no open spaces, just solid trees as far as you can see. Most of our trip so far has been over water, but flying over jungle is just as monotonous.

While in censored I added another variety of money to my short-snorter bill. I wish I could send Billy some of the large censored.

I played Dover Fouts a couple of games of gin a little while ago and he now owes me a drink when we get to censored and another at our stop tomorrow night.

Everyone is beginning to adapt himself to the routine of flying all day. We are not quite so uncomfortable and worn-out today as we were. These backless aluminum benches don't get any softer though. The ATC packs hot lunches for us each day. Not very tasty, but it gets by. Spam and

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LATIN AMERICAN SERIES

Beginning next week the Fly Paper will run a series of articles by Otto F. Hempel, Jr., dealing with the Latin American countries.

Otto, who has been a faithful member of the Fly Paper staff for six months, has lived with our neighbors to the south for many years, and his views will provide us with first hand information about the peoples and countries with which Embry-Riddle has united.

Correspondent Dorothy Goggin Sends First Sao Paulo Column

Esplanada Hotel
São Paulo, Brazil
November 17, 1943

Dear Wain:

Here is the first column. Hope it is OK. As you well know, I can't say all I want in it, can't describe the marvelous trip, but I know the rest will be able to find out for themselves. Do come down as soon as you can and be wined and dined as we have been.

We are here at last, and we love it! I don't know how much I can say or tell and if this thing looks like a piece of lace paper, don't blame me.

We were "processed" and got away as per schedule—flying down to Rio in good time and *what* a time we had! Every place we "put down" we were royally received. Some places we stopped they thought we were a show troupe, and such great disappointment when they found we were instructors!

Our ship, "Teacher's Pet," was very comfortable, and as we flew through the night we were gently rocked to sleep, having great faith in our crew. The A.T.S. has a bunch of good pilots.

We flew above the clouds, through them and under them. The glimpses of land below were thrilling. Islands in deep blue

water were varied green patches striped with waterways and trails—then came the mainland, a beautiful sight!

Bring your bathing suits. Mr. Riddle did a bit of scouting around and got us some men's trunks. With some improvised tops we hit for the water. It certainly was just what we needed after hours on the plane.

The people all along the line have been kind to us, especially in Rio and São Paulo. Our first night in Rio, after being met at the Airport by many interesting people and the press, was spent being entertained at the Copacabana Cassino. Whew! Such food and such entertainment!

The next day some of us went for a walk to see the town, some went shopping and the rest (me too) did a good job of sleeping. But all of the gang met at the Air Ministry for a reception. Then we went to have our pictures taken for more identification cards. And the pictures are as bad as our old badges! We went to the Urca Cassino that evening and it too is what you read about in books.

The last full day in Rio the girls, under the wing of Edith del Junco, did Sugar Loaf and the sights. Don't miss it. On our way to the Airport, coming into Rio, we circled the town in our plane, getting a good idea of the immensity of the place and the

WRITE TO BRAZIL

Our friends in São Paulo want to hear from you and you and you. This is the proper way to address them:

Escola Técnica De Aviação
Do Ministério Da Aeronáutica Do
Brasil
Intersecção De Rua Visconde De
Parnahyba
E Rua Dr. Almeida Lima
São Paulo, Brasil

beauty of the surroundings. From the air we could even make out the marvelous mosaic sidewalks.

We left one of the Rio airports on Saturday morning, accompanied by the Air Minister, Dr. Salgado Filho; Major Mendes da Silva, an aide he loaned to Mr. Riddle to facilitate matters here; and Capt. A. Horta of the Brazilian Air Force.

While we were still on the ground, waiting for the necessary things to be done to the "Teacher's Pet," boys brought out glasses of Guarana, which is Brazilian coke, tomato juice, fresh orange juice and platters of cookies. We did need them as it was hot on the ground.

Our arrival in São Paulo was heralded by the press, photographers, news-

Continued on Page 16



THE SECOND GROUP TO ARRIVE IN SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL, as members of the Embry-Riddle personnel in the Technical School of Aviation of the Brazilian Air Ministry are (front row): John Bordas, Capt. Fritz Sheffler, Charlene Gould, Edith Johnston, J. S. Hamm and Clarence Boultinghouse. Second row: C. H. Soukup, Humphrey Helm, Melvin Goecke, J. W. Ellis, C. B. Cook and Wilfred Betz. Back row: Luis Mata, Fred Reichert and E. C. Englund.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

Thanksgiving Day was just another day at Carlstrom, except for the fact that Lt. Shonfelt, our new Chaplain, conducted a beautiful Thanksgiving service in the

Patio at noon. Following the service, the Cadets filed into the Mess Hall where they sat down to an excellent dinner with turkey and all the trimmings. In the evening, a dance



Kay

Patio for all Cadets, and a good time was had by all who attended.

Visiting on the Field Thanksgiving Day were Lt. Frank Gallagher of Class 42-1 and his bride. Frank was a classmate of Lt. John Frisbee who is stationed at Carlstrom. Congratulations, and come back again!

Headliner

Capt. John E. Clonts, Carlstrom's popular Commanding Officer, has received his promotion to MAJOR. *Congratulations!*

Instructors who went to Basic at Augusta, Ga., during vacation were: Donoto Tanguay, Robert Cross, Bob Priest and Joe Rabassi.

Did you hear that MISTER Harrison, Personnel Manager, received a Christmas card addressed to Mr. Wolfie Harrison. S. E. is still trying to figure out who "Blondie" is.

Lt. John A. Wenner and Lt. Bruce W. Turner of Class 43-H were visitors at

Carlstrom and in Arcadia last week-end. Both boys are now stationed at Bartow.

Mr. C. E. Dexter has taken over the duties of Purchasing Agent for Carlstrom and Dorr Fields. O. B. Lightfoot, former P.A., has left us for the Navy. Congratulations to you both and best of luck!

Wilda Smithson recently received word from 1st Lt. Jay B. Gale, formerly of the Sgt. Major's Office, that he is the proud father of a two months old boy—and we know he's really proud. Jay is stationed at Camp Haan, Calif. Congratulations on your promotion and your new heir!

Lt. E. J. Cangle, former Flight Instructor here, dropped in for a short visit Monday. He is now with the Air Transport Command and has been stationed in Romulus, Mich.

Hi! Statia!

Mrs. Ted Wilson, the former Statia Dozier of the Commandant's Office, and Mrs. Jack Dozier, the former Joyce Tew of Army Personnel, visited the Field one day last week also. Statia is now residing in Miami and would like to have any of her old friends look her up any time they are in Miami. Her address is the Chatham Apts., Miami Beach.

Roberta Dudley, the former Postmistress at Carlstrom, is now working at the Naval Air Station at Opa Locka. She likes her work fine but misses everyone up here. Drop her a line at 305 N. E. 76th Street, Miami, Fla., when you can.

We understand Instructor Vic Urbach will take the fatal step this week-end, but no one seems to know who the lucky young lady is. More news next week perhaps!

Informant Peggy Brown insists that Sq. Comdr. Bob Forester told her he went frog hunting and killed two watermelons. We're wondering who's crazy!

The New Carlstrom Field Bowling League is scheduled to get under way shortly, so all you who plan on bowling had better get lined up with a team. There will be one girl's team, so any gals on Carlstrom who are interested please contact this correspondent immediately.

Visitors

Charlie Fulford, another former instructor, is with Pan American Airways and has just returned from Africa where he has been for some time.

Another ex-Carlstromite is Capt. Kenneth V. Brugh, Jr., better known to most of us as Kenny. Kenny is stationed at the 70th AAFSTD, Lafayette, La., and wants to keep in touch with all of his Embry-Riddle friends. He says, "Give my best to all the boys, particularly the Skipper, Jim Burt, Cotton Jones and Sam Hottle."

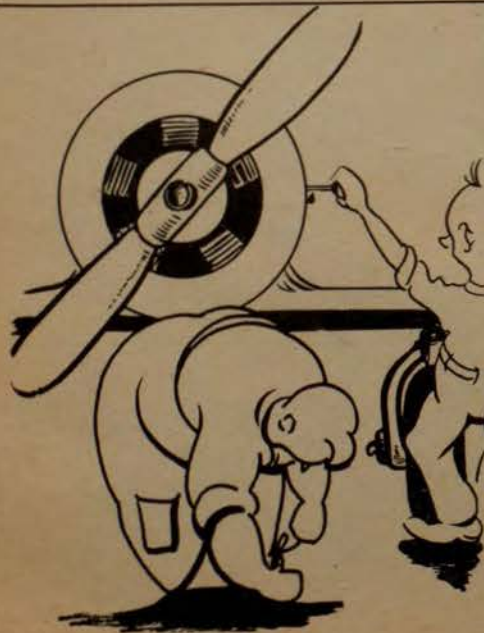
Lt. Schuber, Commanding Officer of the Air Depot Detachment, left us recently to report to the Classification Center at Nashville, Tenn. We wish him the very best of luck in his new venture and also wish to welcome Capt. Hankel to the fold. We hope you'll like it here.

Worth It

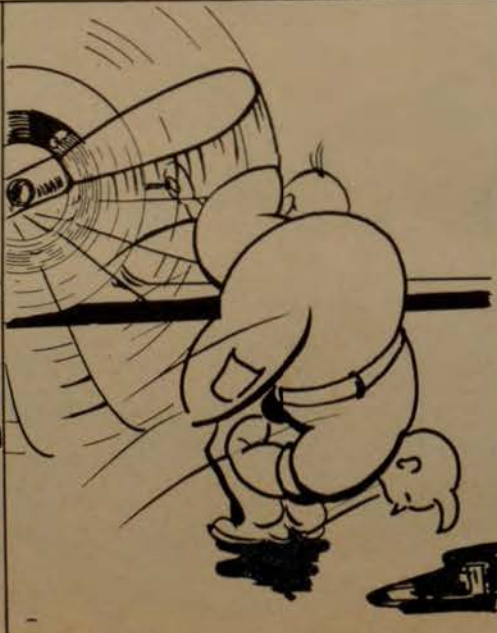
Eva Mae Lee advises that she definitely does not like Field Days—they are a lot of extra trouble. We heartily agree but think they are worth all the extra work.

Efficiency Contest Scores as of Saturday, November 27th, 1943, are:

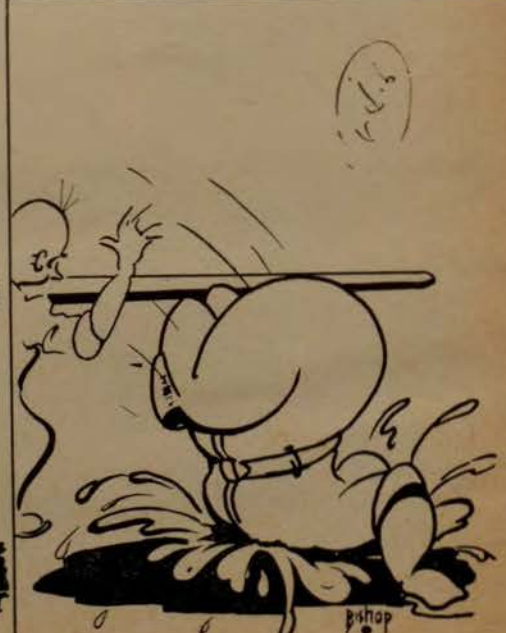
- Squadron 1—400 points.
- Squadron 2—600 points.
- Squadron 3—550 points.
- Squadron 4—450 points.
- Squadron 5—50 points.
- Squadron 6—400 points.



CONTACT!



CONTACT!



CONTACT!

by W. E. Bishop, 2nd, Carlstrom Field

BRASIL NO MIAMI

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

We of the Brazilian Division may well consider ourselves a fortunate group. Brazil is opening, to the chosen few of us, the door of golden opportunity. She is letting us in at the beginning of a new era in her development and advancement which is destined to be the most spectacular and far reaching that the world has ever known.

We will have a part in this development that is not to be demeaned nor taken lightly. The position of the teacher has ever been important because in his care is entrusted the moulding and shaping of the plastic ideas of youth. It is these first impressions as they are superimposed on the mind of the student that can be of such profound influence upon the entire life of the resultant adult.

We must consider it a great privilege that the United States has been chosen by the Brazilian government to be entrusted with this most critical period in the lives of the youth of its country.

Twofold Purpose

The United States through the offices of its unofficial "Ambassador of Education," John Paul Riddle, and then through us, the instructors, will thus serve a twofold purpose. We will first be educating the youth of Brazil in technical fields and also be cementing more closely the bonds of friendship between the two countries.

We will be giving to the people of Brazil all the things which we have learned in passing through our own Industrial and subsequent so-called Aviation Revolution. It is knowledge which this country has gained the hard way and from our experiences we can winnow the mistakes, the hardship and the disasters and pass on the clean grain which is success.

On entering Brazil we will be on trial. We will be subject to the critical appraisal of people who have learned about us from our books, our movies and from rumors, none of which is, unfortunately, true Americana.

New Impression

It can be seen, therefore, that we must not only correct any adverse impression that the people already have formed but we must also create a new and more favorable one to take its place. To accomplish this we must of necessity be doubly careful in what we do and say.

For many of us it will be the first time that we have left our native shores, and to be plunged suddenly into a civilization which is vastly different, with language, customs, food and modes of living foreign to ours is most apt to be quite a shock.

The first reaction will perhaps be one of wonder and marvel on first seeing another world. When the novelty of newness has passed, we are all too apt to be only annoyed because apparently this is lacking or that is not obtainable. It is at this point that patience is necessary be-

cause in all probability the item we seek is at hand but hiding under a different name. When we learn that name the source of annoyance will be past.

It is that interim impression that we make that is the most important. The longer we stay in a country the more tolerant the peoples become to our mistakes and after we have been there some time they will accept us as their own and no longer be looking for errors in our reactions or conduct.

Consider the Cause

For example, we may decide that we would like to enjoy a movie. We forget that we are practically at the source of most of the movies produced in the world when we are at home and it might be a bit difficult to find one that we haven't seen. Then too it is possible that the motion picture advance man hasn't penetrated as deeply as he has at home and foisted on the public a motion picture house with overstuffed, "recline-while-you-enjoy-the-show-drinks-will-be-served-you" seats.

Let us accept what we find and soon we will discover that there are many pictures that are interesting for themselves alone and do not require all the other appurtenant foibles to which we may be accustomed to assist us in staying through two hours of a picture. In this connection let us remember that the Latin Americans are by nature music lovers and it is in these countries that we will find some of the most beautiful opera houses in the world which do not have to take a back seat to any that this country may boast of.

Try Something New

Let us then, if we are dissatisfied in not finding our usual form of diversion presented in the usual manner, try the Brazilian method and spend an afternoon listening to a symphonic program or opera and discover for ourselves the new reaction of relaxing to music.

In passing let us add that if we give the matter careful thought we will perhaps remember that East Overshoe, Vermont, or Stuttering Valley, Idaho, has no motion picture house at all.

The most important consideration, however, and in this we personally are guided by bitter experience which is all too recent, is the way in which we handle our money. In this one thing alone we can make our stay most pleasant or entirely otherwise.

As citizens of the land of extravagance and waste we have not, for the most part, learned the true value of money. We have not learned that each dollar is composed of 100 cents but each of those 100 cents is worth a great deal in labor, energy and material. There are too few of us who truthfully can say that at the end of the day they received full value for the money they spent.

The situation is different in other coun-

CHIEF INSTRUCTOR

Willard Hubbell has been appointed Chief Instructor of the Instructors' School, succeeding Donald Sprague who has been transferred to the Brazilian Division in São Paulo.

tries. The people have been brought up in a life of economy in which nothing was wasted. We may say that they had less money but it is a safe bet that in many ways they received more for the money they spent than we did for the larger amount that passed through our hands.

We are going to a country where the standard of currency in respect to ours is at a much lower level. This can prove to be a terrible two-edged sword or it can be used to our advantage depending on how we conduct ourselves.

Money Matters

The cardinal point to remember is that even though a Cruzeiro is worth in terms of the present exchange rate 1/20 of a dollar U. S. currency, we are still in a country where that represents the amount that a dollar would do us.

If we remember that and school ourselves to think that each time we spend one Cruzeiro we are spending one dollar and not five cents, we will have hurdled the greatest economic pitfall. That means we will pay prevailing wages to servants, tip in terms of the Brazilian currency and as a result we will be able to purchase things in the stores in terms of Brazilian currency and not at prices 20 times higher.

We started this little section by a reference to our own bitter experience. We spent some time in Central America at the time that the Pan American highway was being constructed and there were many workers from the United States living in the various countries. They were, of course, paid in terms of U. S. currency. The rate of exchange was 5.6 to one. In other words, each U. S. dollar was worth five dollars and 60 cents in terms of the local money.

Inflation

With due disregard for the value of money in general, the U. S. workers were paying and tipping far beyond the usual rates for the country. They were tipping waiters one dollar of local currency just because it represented only 18 cents in terms of U. S. currency.

When one realizes that the average wage in the country was 70 cents, it is easy to imagine what the result was. Rents went up, the cost of food rose until at the time we left butter was selling for \$2.50 in local currency. The smallest apartments were renting for \$250 local currency and the

Continued on Page 16

ESPRIT de DORR

by A/C Stokes and A/C Casey

This is Dorr Field . . . eight o'clock . . . any morning. A hundred Cadets are ready to take off and activity permeates the flight line.

Jim lit his cigarette nervously. "Going up alone this morning?"

"Yeah, this'll be my first time off Dorr itself. Hope I do all right; I'm going to try a spin if I can get up enough nerve."

I walked on; the hum of a score of motors warming up for the first time of the day was in my ears. Cadets were running into the parachute room, walking back with the 'chutes thrown over their shoulders, ready for the first flight. An instructor was sitting on the taxi-strip surrounded by four of his students; he was drawing a flight pattern for the maneuvers the students were to perform that day. In the ready room, Tom was inspecting his notebook, "Are you sure the 'S' turns are made into the wind, Bill?"

"No. Don't you remember . . . you make your first turn into the wind, but your general heading is cross-wind. You'd better get that down pat."

Throttle Arm

Another cadet was writing on the blackboard . . . "I have throttle arm paralysis" twenty-five times. Someone called out, "Pete, you've got Link at 9:45—better sign out early."

What have we here, I thought. What is this spirit that surrounds the Air Corps, Dorr Field, the friends we've known in almost a year of service? The answer is obvious . . . no one could ever watch a man ready for a take-off without sensing that whole spirit of loyalty that is in every pilot's heart. With every flight, his future is wrapped up in what he can make an airplane do.

He has had the best instruction money can buy; no pilot in the world can boast a better training. His instructor has hundreds of hours behind a stick and all of his vast experience is placed at the cadet's disposal. His ground school course takes up the many necessities that naturally accompany flying . . . meteorology, navigation, theory of flight.

Intangible

His surroundings make for pleasant living . . . excellent barracks, good food, sufficient recreational facilities. But all of these are material things that influence the cadet's feeling toward his corps. Behind them is something more, an intangible spirit that is embedded in his heart.

It is indeed difficult to describe an intangible spirit; it is something too strong for words. But you see it daily whenever you walk around Dorr Field.

A Liberator bomber flies low over the barracks, its massive motors roaring, its propellers cutting the still air. Cadets are shaving, writing, reading, talking over the day's flight. They hear the plane and know it is low overhead.

Out of their rooms they come, in all states of dress and undress, to watch the big ship fly by. The comments are varied: "How I'd like to be up there with him!" "That's for me—someday I'll be flying back over Dorr like that." "Oh, boy, low altitude work in a bomber!"

They watch until the ship is out of sight and then carry on with their activities, but their thoughts remain with the man piloting the Liberator. There is a bond between them—a love of flying, a sense of duty, a feeling of pride. That is all included in that intangible something that is called spirit.

Alone

A cadet solos for the first time; he comes down, puts his goggles on his forehead, greets his friends with a broad smile. They ply him with questions—what was it like—what did you do—what did you think about? No matter how many hours each man around him might have, they all are thrilled at talking with a friend who has soloed for the first time. This, too, is a part of that spirit.

A nation is only as good as the people who make it—only as strong as the men who fight its battles. It needs courage, willingness, sacrifice in order for it ever to obtain a victory. It needs loyalty and devotion but above them all it needs a spirit.

The Air Corps is proud of its spirit, as proud as it is of the men who make up that spirit and carry it with them into battle. For such a spirit early cultivation is essential. We feel we have that here at Dorr . . . we have that intangible something that means everything to a man alone in the clouds. We have that spirit to fly together, to win together, to come back together. It all makes up our esprit de corps, our esprit de Dorr.

DORR'S KEYHOLE

by A/C Art Sager

The search is on for a replacement to bat out this weekly rambling. We find a physical description beyond our limited powers of expression, but you can conjure up your own vision from the following requirements.

Said candidate must be able to keep an eye to the keyhole and an ear to the ground (yipe!) He must be able to write this column and at the same time produce other standard copy (we get it—an octopus). Must also know what is going on in all departments as well as in town (well, Superman has telescopic, x-ray vision). Must have a finger in various activities (that's sort of stretching things) and must accomplish all this in his spare, you never heard of it, time (what do you want, blood?)

Any resemblance to anything, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

We Erred

We are forced to make a correction on an item appearing in a previous column. In reference to Al "you had better take that back or I'll put you up for a progress check" Steele, the adjective was meant to be dapper, not dumpy, it says here.

In the meantime Frank Devine continues to turn off the alarm clock and stick it under the pillow while his brood runs around like chickens looking for the mother ostrich.

Identical?

The blood of a true explorer came out in Jack Rentz—and what do you think he discovered? Carlstrom Field looks almost identical to Dorr! In fact, a fellow could



DORR FIELD GROUND SCHOOL

very easily land there by mistake, couldn't he, Jack? At the same time, Donald Green is mastering the art of three point landings by degrees. He has managed one wheel at a time and hopes to manage both and include the tail wheel in time for an exhibition later.

Cadet Bischoff offered a helping hand on cranking a ship on the line the other day and was greatly startled to find none other than his former instructor from New Jersey, Mark Brann, parked comfortably in the front seat. Small world, ain't it?

Restless sleep is reported for Cadet Fero who seems to have dreams of tuggings at his sleeve and a child's voice saying, "Sister's looking for you."

The pictures in Cadet Padden's wallet are still a non-military secret even to inquisitive officers. Could she be that beautiful?

Saturday inspections and parades are here to stay and on the human interest side there is reported by A/C Warhaftig the following.

Army-Navy Game

It was a perfect football day—crisp and clear. The score was 13-0 and Navy was going to kick.

The squadron commander called, "Prepare for Inspection!"

The two teams lined up—

Down the stoop came the official entourage with squadron commander Shumard leading the interference and group commander Sager (the shorter) at Lt. McLaughlin's side in a perfect set-up for a lateral play—

The ball is snapped back; the fullback takes it and sets it gingerly on end—The lines heaves forward and—

"Attention!"—It's amazing how quickly a radio can be detached before an inspection—isn't it?

The propellers in Ground School are serving a new purpose by toppling over and keeping even the "Wing Dings" awake.

So long—see you in Basic.

IMPRESSIONS

by A/C J. F. Hawkins

It was a tired but happy group that got off the train at Arcadia, for we were all looking forward to one thing—Primary. We had heard all sorts of wild tales about Dorr Field and we were anxious to see just how much truth there was in them.

Trucks were waiting to carry us to the Field and as soon as we neared Dorr everyone began spotting planes doing various maneuvers. We all wondered how long it would be before we would be "up there."

The first glimpse of Dorr, with its shining white buildings and neatly landscaped lawn, was quite impressive. Someone in the truck remarked, "Gee, reckon that's Dorr?" Another voice answered, "Heck, no! That's where the Officers who run Dorr stay."

We all piled out of the trucks and

wandered about as if in a daze. No one could believe that he could be in such a beautiful place. The flowers are neatly arranged about the barracks and the palm trees swing lazily with every breeze. Next to be noticed was the large tile swimming pool in the middle of the camp which is enjoyed greatly by all.

If I had been allowed to take my choice of the primary fields, I can truthfully say I would have picked Dorr.

DORR WAY

by A/C N. R. Sharpless

Working diligently, the Class of 44-D is placing finishing touches on their edition of Dorr Field's classbook, DORR WAY. This publication, recording the cadets' lives, work, triumphs, troubles and impressions during their busy weeks at Primary, is full of many new features and changes not found in previous issues. The class has dedicated it to their mothers, fathers, sweethearts and wives whose hearts are always in the cockpit flying along with them.

Radical departures have been introduced in the make-up of DORR WAY. New designs, cartoons, articles and artwork make these 24 picture-studded pages an excellent recording of the most important days in the training of a pilot. Pictures of the officers, instructors and cadets are to be found as usual.

A new attraction is the Pin-Up section, the class' own gallery, which contains "behind the scenes" views of life during leisure moments. Original sketches add to the attractiveness of the pages, and there are some excellent "shots" of physical training at Dorr Field.

DORR WAY is a nonprofit publication selling for a small fee. Its purpose is to provide the outgoing class with something tangible to help them remember their days at Dorr. 44-D feels that their edition will equal, and even surpass, the high standards of former class books.



SHARPSTERS

by A/C N. R. Sharpless

When 44-E arrived here a short time ago, they had no thought that Mr. Northwind cared for them enough to come along also. But the old fella must not have been able to bear the parting, for he has been much in evidence around this section.

The lads, who dashed to the canteen for glamour photos of palm trees, broke hearts all over the north when their enthusiastic letters reached home. Their tales of swimming and tennis under warm suns, blue skies and balmy breezes did a wonderful job of advertising Dorr Field. But now they only wistfully sigh while passing a very chilly looking pool on their way to classes.

With letters from home beginning to arrive, the fellas feel quite chagrined to read such sentences as "Oh, how I envy you—going swimming every day!" The one thing which sustains their good feeling about it all is the weather report of sub-zero temperatures and snows on the upper side of the 40th parallel.

Problems

There are other problems on the collective minds of 44-E just now: crosswind landings and rudder control . . . wingtip stall and high-lift slots . . . pre-ignition and detonation—all these and Heaven too! (A Heaven filled with gremlins whose main delight is ruining the flight path of a P.T. 17). However, the fellas are taking it all in stride and have fallen into the regular routine.

Speaking of "high-lift" devices, there are some around here as far as morale is concerned. Three of the most efficient were the spry and bright-eyed bits of girlage at the U.S.O. show on Wednesday night. When it came to entertainment, those lassies really brought home the hawg meat and hominy.

It was a real pleasure for some of the boys to see former Group/Comdr. Cornelius Honeycutt looking perfectly natural as the dummy in the ventriloquist act. (Secretly, though, many envied his position it isn't every man who can sit on a girl's lap upon first acquaintance!)

"Let Down"

Now and then, of course, all of us have our "blue" days. On these occasions everything goes wrong. Flying just doesn't seem to be our medium of travel. We have that "let-down" feeling. It is then that one of the greatest of our morale-builders usually puts in an appearance, namely, a low-flying B-24 or a flight of P-47s in a dogfight.

No matter how downhearted we may get, our eyes always assume the "wild blue yonder" look when a Thunderbolt roars past with its unspoken challenge, "Now you try it!" That has the same tug on our heartstrings as the sight of a well-turned ankle had to our dads in the days of the long skirts. Ah me!

Continued on Page 13

RIDDLE FIELD COMPLETES TWO YEARS OF TRAINING R.A.F. AND A.A.F. PILOTS

We are not preparing a special edition for this occasion, but we want everyone to know that Riddle Field recently celebrated its second anniversary—to be exact, nearly two months ago on September 24. Riddle Field is the most outstanding of all the Embry-Riddle Fields and one of the most outstanding training fields in the nation. We don't say this boastfully, but careful study shows that it is a fact.

Complete Training

Riddle Field is not a Primary Field nor a Basic Field, nor an Advanced Field. It is the home of the Number 5 British Flying Training School, where a Cadet receives his *complete* training. While the number in training here is not as large as that at many other fields, Royal Air Force and several Army Air Corps cadets receive their flying training on Stearman PT-17s and North American AT6As and are given an intensive Link course and a very intensive Ground School program, all of which culminates in the final achievement—the winning of the wings.

Right here at Riddle Field we see the transformation of an L.A.C. to a Sergeant Pilot or Pilot Officer, and an Air Corps Cadet to a Flight Officer or a Second Lieutenant.

Careful Planning

Much of the success and reputation achieved by Riddle Field in its two years of existence is due to the wise and careful planning of our late General Manager, G. Willis Tyson, Jr. But behind this planning has been the close cooperation of everyone. Not only is credit due to all the Instructors, but every department on the Field comes in for its share of praise.

Airplanes must have excellent maintenance; time must be kept; the boys must be fed; buildings and grounds must be constantly improved; parachutes have to be checked; weather statistics must always be available; flight plans have to be made; power and sanitation is necessary; hospitalization must be available; supplies and transportation have to be in readiness. So, we see that every mechanic, every instructor and every member of each de-

partment has his portion of responsibility in the gigantic task of operating Riddle Field.

While No. 5 B.F.T.S. is a military organization, a sort of "family spirit" exists here. This is due, we think, to the high calibre of cadets and to the proverbial Embry-Riddle spirit. Now that doesn't mean that we don't have our difficulties or differences now and again, for we do. But it is this spirit that dominates any difficulty and results in its final and successful conclusion.

For One's Country

As we stop to gaze back on Riddle Field's two years of operation, let us pause and pay tribute to the cadets in training here and to the sons of Riddle Field who have made the Supreme Sacrifice. Two instructors were also killed while on duty. There can be no nobler death than theirs—a life given for one's country.

And so, as we continue, may we pattern our future after our successful past—all working together, ever moving forward.

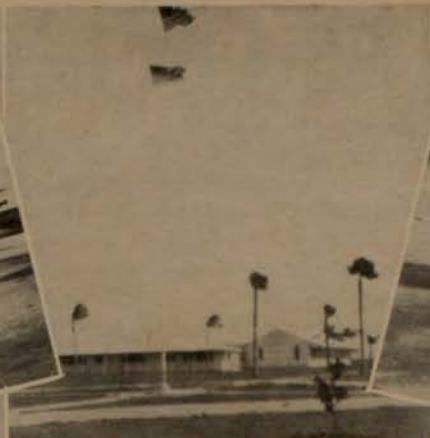
OUTSTANDING CADETS OF No. 5 B.F.T.S.

COURSE	BEST GROUND SCHOOL CADET	BEST FLYING CADET	BEST ALL ROUND CADET
1	J. R. C. Townsend	J. R. C. Townsend	G. C. Griffin
2	G. Shuttlewood	J. D. Crabbe	J. D. Crabbe
3	A. E. Sloman	A. M. Michie	A. E. Sloman
4	A. Cresswell	R. P. Abbey	R. G. Lee
5	A. E. Appleton	H. T. Forrest	J. H. Wyborn
6	N. C. H. Tufnell	N. C. H. Tufnell	N. C. H. Tufnell
7	K. E. Clark	N. D. Jay	J. S. Etherington
8	A. L. J. May	R. W. H. Gray	C. A. Woodham
9	B. L. Partridge	B. L. Partridge	L. B. Foskett
10	R. P. Dixon	J. F. Wilkinson	R. P. Dixon
11	J. Mark	A. C. Hicks	J. Mark
12	R. H. J. Perkins	D. C. Alexander	E. F. J. Robinson
13	S. Shaw	W. Cushner	C. A. Renvoize
14	F. W. Bush	P. A. Taylor	M. A. N. Hills

Note: Outstanding Cadets from Course 15 will be announced in the next issue



EFFICIENT RIDDLE FIELD
MAINTENANCE CREW AT WORK



U.S. AND R.A.F.
FLY TOGETHER, SYMBOLIC
OF UNITY AT RIDDLE
FIELD



AN INSTRUCTOR EXPLAINS
A MANEUVER TO HIS CADETS



MAJOR B. DURHAM, JR.
C/O 75TH A.A.F.T.D.
ATTACHED TO NO. 5 B.F.T.S.



THE BIG THREE
D/F HUNZIKER, A/GM DURDEN
AND G/M POVEY



W/C A.A. DE GRUYTHER, D/F
COMMANDING OFFICER
NO. 5 B.F.T.S.



THE FAIRER SEX



A PLACE FOR RELAXATION
RIDDLE FIELD SWIMMING POOL



"HELLO - RIDDLE CONTROL"

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

T. C. Cottrell, Editor

— Associates —

Ernestine Mathis, Buildings and Grounds

Barbara Walker, Marie Burcham, Martha N. Houston, Flight Line Flashes

Joe Harpole, Parachute Department

Rudolph Neely, Canteen

Thanksgiving is gone and about all one can hear around the Field today is grunts and groans. Between all the extra eats and the hunting trips, everyone is in a daze. However, it was a welcome vacation, for the whole Field has worked hard and everyone deserved a day off.

Chef Taylor gave us a swell dinner, with turkey and all the trimmings, and saved a lot of the wives some work at home. In fact, it was quite a social gathering.

Visitors

Capt and Mrs. L. J. Povey were among those present, and the former almost missed his dinner, going around shaking hands with everyone.

William O'Neil and Malcolm Byrnes were also with us again after a long absence.

After a few days of muddled traffic, we have a nice new paved road from the highway to the Administration Building. No more bump gravel and dust.

Our Field Accountant, George Lobdell, may be addressed as Pvt. Lobdell now that he has volunteered for immediate induction into the armed forces. By the way, folks, his crew in the Administration Building reminded him on November 19 that he was a year older.

They presented him with two cartons of cigarettes, tightly concealed in three big boxes, and a lovely cake composed of a dry bun covered with thirty dainty country matches. His only remark after he opened his package was, "This is a silly gift because you know I don't smoke." Good luck to you, Pvt. Lobdell.

Interview

Our exposé subject for this week is Mose C. Jones, Squadron Commander. He was born in the tiny mountain town of Unicoi, Tenn., and was exposed to early schooling in Erwin, Tenn. Mose was born November 24, 1914. Thirty minutes later his mother had another child. Of course, you've probably already figured . . . that's right, he has a twin brother who is now a captain in the Dental Corps of the United States Army.

He attended Tennessee State at Johnson City where he was captain of the football team. He then attended Duke University where he worked on his master's degree but never finished it as the glorious institution of flying probably interfered. He started flying in 1940 with C.P.T. in college.

Mose arrived in Union City during the first class of Riddle-McKay. He chose Riddle-McKay as it was the first and only

flight training school in Tennessee. He started under "Chick" Clark who was Squadron Commander and later became Assistant Commander under Johnny Brannon. After "Johnny" left the ranks, Mose became skipper of Squadron IV, which immediately afterward was changed to Squadron VIII.

He's been duck hunting seven times since the season opened and has succeeded in killing one pitiful little duck which fell in the river, at that, and floated downstream. Mose has been trying to get married since he was fifteen and has never found a girl who would have him. We can't understand that because he seems to be a typical Romeo and closely resembles Robert Montgomery of the movies.

He has been fortunate enough never to have had a forced landing or any serious accident. (Knock on wood.)

We all wondered why Sam Sparks came in the other morning with a big grin from ear to ear and a twinkle in his eye. After the facts had been revealed, we found that he was going to have a new son-in-law.

The Timekeeping department of the Flight Tower announces the arrival of another new girl. This lovely dark-haired lady is (Mrs.) Charlie Edwards Burton from Kenton, Tenn. We're certainly glad to have you with us, Charlie, and lots of good luck in your new job!

I know that Mr. Wilson and Edith Wentworth of Purchasing agree with me when I say "It's good to have Nellie J. Walker back to work after a week of vacation."

Jimmy Jimmerson is all smiles these last few days—the reason, of course, is that he is the father of another male "Bundle from Heaven." Congratulations, Jimmy! It has been suggested that Jimmy offer a week of free bus rides for the best name for his new son. What about it?

A rough football scrimmage was enjoyed by Jim Long's refreshers Friday morning while the flyers were waiting for the heavy fog to lift. Several All-Americans were easily identified among the players.

Albert S. Jackson of the Carpenter Shop of Buildings and Grounds has been ill this week. Here's hoping he will soon be back and in the "pink of condition" before very long, as he is certainly missed.

Flight Line Flashes

by Barbara Walker and Marie Burcham

Bill Riggs, also of Squadron IV, is famous for Form I errors. Don't let them get you down, Bill.

I have never seen so many people so dead set on going to Basic School in all my life until lately . . . Now, Instructors, what could be down there besides an ole BT? Well, maybe that would be a let-up from these PTs to a certain extent.

It seems that all the instructors got two hundred (200) Tuberculin Seals within the past week. They're also wondering.

Continued on next page



BARRACKS SCENE AT EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD, UNION CITY

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

A bouquet to all of the Mess Hall crew who on Thanksgiving day put on a real bang-up dinner, turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce and all the fixings.



Jack

Dan Weeks, ardent fisherman who has been addicted to fresh water angling for a number of years, has turned traitor and is trying his luck in salt water. Boy, the tales that man can tell!

Snooping around the water treatment plant the other day, we heard talk about valves and gadgets. It certainly has them.

Un-neat

Why do people when they get through with a package of cigarettes crumple the old package, look furtively around to see if anyone is looking and then throw it in the ditch that runs around the circle just where everyone can see it? We got trash cans, you know.

"Drip" Platt on his vacation, eating and sleeping (as usual). Jack Orr always running out of gas on the way home. Yep, we know that old gag. You borrow enough gas from the next car that comes along to get you to the nearest filling station. Huh, that's an old gag.

The Army Side

Lt. Frank wishes to say through this column that all visitors are welcome but please make your own seating arrangements. Also, if you are invited to a meal, bring your own eating tools.

Gosh, we didn't know that Lt. McLaughlin was so musically inclined. One of the night guards told us that the weird noise heard the other night was the Lieutenant playing the mouth harp. Shades of Mozart. Ask Lt. Farmer about the big one that got away. It's a great story. Lt. Rubertus also has joined the Ananias Club. Welcome, Lieutenant, you can tell 'em just as good as some we know.

Tough

Sgt. Lambeth is now hobbling about on a pair of crutches. Some story about those rough boys at the Link building playing touch football. The Sergeant suggests that we change the name a little and call it tough football.

Well, don't forget to do your Christmas shop-lifting early.

Tol'ably yours,
Jack

P.S. We've heard of "Bees in Your Bonnet" and "Ants in Your Pants," but Art Ramer, Assistant Manager, has wasps in his shirt.

BONDS FOR CHRISTMAS

The right way to fight a war is to give it everything we've got. This year, even your Christmas presents can fight.

Give War Bonds and Stamps—back the attack on the Axis! We will be glad to issue your Christmas Bonds in any denomination.

SHARPSTERS

Continued from Page 9

By now we all realize that Primary is quite a place. Memories of these experiences are certain to linger long with us. Each day adds its bit to the pile. There is the fella, name withheld by request, who felt somewhat elated when his instructor "muffed" a landing, only to discover later that he, not the instructor, was supposed to have been flying! We once heard it said that the Stearmans fly themselves if left alone. Now we believe it!

Melvin Parsons and Bob Rauh were the highlights of the day recently when they were required to write their mistakes in chalk along the paved flight line. "I do not use my rudders in stalls" looks most impressive when outlined in big, bold letters for all the world to read.

Expert

Sangiamo, however, tops them all. His insistence that Dorr Field was Carlstrom when landing here Thursday would seem to indicate potentialities as another Corrigan. Yet all others' troubles are as little ones when compared to those of the squadron mail orderly. For verification of this, ask Fred Walkey of Squadron 3. Fred is a fella who tries hard and volunteers often—for someone else! He is an expert at giving another man a job. (If not, then why do you think we are writing this?)

SOLO

Continued from Page 2

you hastily turn your thoughts back to flying.

You make that last cross-wind turn and look for the place to set the ship down. As you cut the throttle and come into the field, your thoughts race again. Don't level off too high, keep 80 mph, make corrections for wind, pull back on the stick—easy, easy. You wait for something to happen. Then as you pass you feel that bump and you are down! You made it!

You want to jump right out of the ship and take the world by the tail and show it who's boss. But first you have to hold your heart in place. As you taxi over to the Instructor, your heart sinks again—could he have seen the tailwheel strike first and that you jacked your seat up before you stopped rolling—and then he smiles!

Ah! Now I can look forward to that Twenty!

RECREATION

by A/C Fero

Attention, Aviation Cadets of Dorr Field! Your reporter has a few words of wisdom that will guide you "in on the beam" Saturday evenings.

We have all sought recreation in Arcadia and many of us have been disappointed. So, lads, "lend me thine ears." Do you like a good game of table tennis? Do you want to play shuffleboard or "tickle the ivories" of a fine piano?

If you desire a very pleasant evening's entertainment and if you like homemade cake, cookies and punch, you'll set your gyro for the Methodist Church Recreation Room. The recreational facilities have been provided by the congregation and, boys, they've done a fine job.

What More?

You will be welcomed by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Wyatt, the pastor's wife; Mrs. Rhodes or Mrs. Shaver, all of whom are sincerely interested in providing you with a good time. They will acquaint you with the room's facilities and introduce you to a nice young lady. What more could a fellow desire?

Our new friend, Chaplain L. H. Shomfelt, recommends the Methodist Church Recreation Room. Who is more qualified to guide you to a wholesome good time than your Chaplain? And I know you'll enjoy yourself there—I did.

Next Saturday night I hope you'll take off and fly the beam to the corner of Oak Street and Orange Avenue; that's where you'll find me. See you there about 7:30, lads. We'll all have a great time.

UNION CITY

Continued from preceding page

who obtained their names. Could it be one of our best dispatches and her co-helper! Now, boys, temper . . . temper . . .

This Flight Line is just full of surprises. Barbara Walker, one of our prettiest dispatchers, has done got herself engaged. And after that talking I gave her about the evils of men. The lucky man is Harold J. Carey of Squadron IV. They plan to tie the final knot in 1944 (possibly the first week). We certainly hate to lose you, Barbara, but wish you all the happiness in the world.

Folks, I might add that it is rumored that the Squadron Commander of Squadron IV might also get married soon!

Louise, that "shore" is a pretty pin you're wearing on your sweaters, blouses, etc., and we all know it isn't a sorority pin. Could it be the fraternity pin of John Shamp, Flight Instructor in Squadron VIII!

What office in the Flight Tower has just acquired some new literature? I hear it is quite interesting, boys, and it will probably afford entertainment for many days to come. Nuff said!

Inspecting Officer: Ha, ha, no shave!
Recent Recruit: Tee, hee, no razor!

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

Thanksgiving with its notorious turkey raffle has come and gone. The turkey given by Embry-Riddle was raffled off through a public drawing in the Field



"Cookie"

Canteen. To prove the legality of this raffle, Wilbur Sheffield, a reputable and upright citizen, was picked to draw the lucky name, and the winner was none other than yours truly. Accusations flew thick and fast, but I still claim it's a neat racket, if you can work it.

This is practically a newsless Tuesday with a conspicuous lack of anything other than routine activity. We do, however, extend a hearty welcome to our brand new Elementary Class of Naval Cadets, namely, 44-F (and that's not the condition they arrived in).

Pilot Circle

Dave Narrow, Flight Commander, reports that in addition to his regular crew, Jim Clarke, John Davidson, Bill Golden, George and Lee Maxey, Bill McGrath and Ed Tierney, he has initiated cute lil Helen Webster and Jack Muller (he's likewise cute and little) into his pilot circle.

Helen Cavis now rides the range with behooded students making an Instrument Threesome out of our present gadget personnel, the other two being Dave Pearlman and Lewis Smith.

Jim Pollard takes over Helen's duties as Primary Flight Commander of the 44-F Class which is instructed by Helen Allen, Marguerite Dowd, Nancy Graham, Guy Haygood, Charlotte Kayser and Pat Willett.

The Intermediate Class is off with a whiz-bang. The Navy N3N's will be used on this program with Dave DaBoll designated as Chief Check Pilot. Instructors are Tiny Davis, Tom Moxley and Herb Muller.

The Blue and Yellow

Thanks to Mr. Hadley and crew, these ships are now deemed to be in top-notch condition. Mr. Rollins, ably assisted by Mary Sylvester, has done a great job in the Paint department. Those ships now sport the beautiful Embry-Riddle colors of blue and yellow.

In addition to Sterling Camden's many duties here at the Landplane Base, he is now General Manager of the Seaplane Base. Gardner Royce officiates as Chief Flight Instructor.

Heaps of congratulations to our beauty, Babs Beckwith, for coming through with flying colors on her Instructor Rating Flight Test.

Carrier Pigeons have brought word that Control Tower refugees June Page, Time-

keeper, and Tillie Tiley, WTS Records, are existing through rain, wind, snow and sleet in spite of the speed and alacrity with which the Navy transfers the classes from here to Pre-Flight.

Interesting as well as inspiring news has come that WASP Catherine Jones, former Chapman Fielder, really has gone places since winning her wings. She graduated from Avenger Field with honors and as a consequence was one of the few sent to Southern Plains Army Air Field at Lubbock, Texas. There she flies C-60's and tows eighteen-place gliders. Nice going, Catherine.

We've also heard from Bill Carey, former WTS student, who tells us he's the last remaining representative at Randolph Field of that smooth August Session Cross Country Class. Let's hear from some more of you fellows.

DORM LIFE

by Suzie Bryan

Whew, what a week! One that won't be forgotten for ages to come. For days before Thanksgiving there had been great plans for our dinner to include 21 men from the Biltmore hospital. Under the direction of Grace Simpson and Mickey Fairchild, the menu was completed down to the last cranberry. Mrs. Simpson arranged to have the turkeys cooked at the Tech school, a great help.

On the morning of the great day sleepy-heads were tumbled out of bed and everyone hustled around getting in everyone else's way. Two girls were in the midst of shedding crocodile tears while peeling onions when radiant Helen Pennoyer chose to appear and introduce Capt. Pennoyer, who had just returned from Africa.

Marty Warren and Jackie Dillard pitched in and helped serve the food, while Doris Sessions successfully gathered all the edibles together prior to serving.

In the meantime, the men had arrived and were sitting outside playing with Skepeter and Spitfire, our two kittens, and talking to the girls of the dorm. It is sufficient to say that at dinner everyone stuffed himself and the rest of the day flew.

FOUND

If you lost a copy of Manly's *Aircraft Power Plant Manual*, you may recover it from Dorothy Burton at the Tech School Library upon proper identification.

Some went to the movies; others sat around singing songs or just talking. About eight pumpkin pies and ice cream were served in front of the log fire and the more able danced. I don't know who had more fun that day, the Embry-Riddle-ites or the Biltmore men, but I do know that it was a very happy Thanksgiving for all of us.

Spare time the rest of the week was spent in choir practice in anticipation of singing at three church services at Opa Locka Navy Base. At three-thirty Sunday afternoon a Navy bus picked us up and dropped us at our destination way out in God's country. Lorraine Bosley did a beautiful job on her solo of *Ave Maria*. As for the choir, they did a grand job too. After church we were the guests of the Navy for a mighty welcome dinner.

Carols

Homeward bound on another bus, our gals and the Opa Locka lads sang songs that soon turned to Christmas carols. We hear Sgt. Henkle wants us to sing for a few hundred O.C.S. men the twenty-second of December. Since we all know the carols, it won't mean a great deal of practice like other times.

Evelyn McKenna is off on a hurried trip to Cleveland. Bobby Jelonek starts at Chapman Field Tuesday morning. Skip Selby was up and about Sunday. Our only prayer is that she stays off bicycles for a while and in general takes it easy. Ruth Rich reports that she likes her job as messenger girl at the Tech school very much.

Charming Mrs. Chapman was the guest of her daughter Edith this week-end. We all hope she will pay us a return visit. And last, but not least, Mrs. Sessions was seen walking with the assistance of two students yesterday—now that is really good news.

BOWLING

In a whirlwind finish of the Embry-Riddle Fall Bowling League, Aircraft finished in first place with a margin of five games. On the last night they claimed three victories over the Whirligigs to tie up the league honors.

Sandy Saunders of Aircraft, bowling in his customary fine style, had the high set for the match, which was 529. Marion McSwain paced the losers with her 384 set.

There was an unexpected three-way tie for second place in the league standing between the Sandblasters, Aircraft Cubs and Chapman Field.

The Aircraft Cubs won two of their three games from the Sandblasters. Karen Linford bowled a fine 534 set for the Cubs and Zateslo knocked down 507 pins for the Sandblasters.

The Piston Pins won all three of their games from Chapman Field. Beth Thompson of the Piston Pins had the high set of the match with a 444. What was wrong with those men, anyway? Tom Moxley had

the high set for Chapman Field which was 424.

The Gremlins won all three of their games from Instrument Overhaul. Mel Klein of Instrument Overhaul had the high set of the match which was 494. Joe Henry of the Gremlins had a 468 set, including a nice 209 second game.

The Aircraft Spitfires won two of their three games with the Coliseum Volts. Steve Swetsyn had the high set for the Spitfires which was 430, but the high set for the match was the 458 posted by Dixon of the Coliseum Volts. The Aircraft Wildcats claimed two victories from the Aircraft Ramblers. DeShazo and Pike each knocked down 383 pins for the Wildcats, but the high set for the match was the 385 of McCaleb of the Ramblers.

Of All Things

Transportation, of all things, won two of their three games from the Continentals. However, they are still in the cellar in league standing, and an appropriate prize is being considered. "Webb" Webster of Transportation bowled the high set for the match which was 442, while Sanchez turned in a 422 for the Continentals.

The new fall and winter league got under way last Wednesday. New faces replace some of the old familiar standbys who have departed to carry the Embry-Riddle name into South America.

There are several new teams from the Engine Overhaul division, including the Cylinders, the Raiders and the E. Gapers. The Range Finders from Aircraft Overhaul are a new team and the Army again will be represented by the Army A.D.D.'s. The G & A division has mustered together a fine team and will oppose the Cylinders in what should be one of the great matches of the first night.

New Rules

Several rules definitely are to be enforced. The rules committee has established a new ruling in which no bowlers will be allowed to compete unless they are bona fide employees of the company. Termination of employment will be termination of bowling. Wives and members of bowlers' families will not be considered eligible to bowl.

Scores of bowlers participating in the matches which are decided by default (less than three bowlers participating) will be disregarded in the individual league scoring and the averages will be carried forward as of the previous week. Bowlers must arrive before five frames are completed to be eligible to participate in the game. The matches on the first night will be conducted on a scratch basis, handicaps being determined on the basis of the first night's performance.

Bowlers will register their private number bowling balls with Miss Hatton of the Athletic office. The bowling alley proprietors only keep a record by number, and it has been decided to render a further service to our bowlers by registering the balls as to number and bowler.

SAFETY SLANTS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

As I started to concentrate on the subject matter for this week's safety column, my attention was drawn to an excited crowd converging on the back porch of the Tech School building. This excitement was caused by a fire in one of the large, wheeled, wooden trash containers into which the various wastebaskets and other smaller containers are emptied daily.

The fire had gained some headway when it was noticed by Guard Edgar Coffey who quickly obtained a fire extinguisher and brought the flames under control, after which they were extinguished with a convenient garden hose and a stream of water.

The cause of the blaze is, of course, difficult to state, as the contents of the container were pretty well consumed and the inside thoroughly charred, but it is reasonable to assume that an ash tray with a lighted cigarette may have been emptied into a wastebasket and the basket in turn into the large container. It is appropriate at this time to compliment Mr. Coffey on his prompt action and to caution maintenance personnel on the emptying of ash trays.

Office personnel who seem to find it difficult to ascertain accident hazards in their operations would probably be interested in a pamphlet distributed by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company which lists some fifty accident hazards peculiar to office operations. In looking over this list, I note several which have resulted in painful or expensive injuries to our employees or their clothing:

In pulling open a file cabinet, the cabinet was capsized, throwing ink over a nice new dress and bruising the individual involved. Another office worker was painfully hurt when an inch long sliver from a desk top

penetrated her thigh. A third young woman, in the same department, suffered serious damage to her clothing, though luckily avoiding other injury, when her dress was drawn into a large electric fan which had been placed on the floor near her desk. In the same department, a wastebasket fire resulted from an ash tray being emptied into the basket.

The above all indicate that, regardless of our particular occupations, injury and fire hazards exist and should be recognized and guarded against.

DRAFTSMAN TADE

Martin Tade has been engaged by the Technical Division in the position of Utility Draftsman and will work under the supervision of Sheldon Wells of the Drafting department.

Other departments of the Technical Division or other divisions of the company who desire drafting work done may submit a job order request (three copies) to the Director of the Technical Division together with such sketches or description of work to be done as may be necessary.

At the end of each month, charges will be made to each department or division for which work has been done. Such charges to be at cost and based upon time involved in completing the work.

LETTERS TO SYD

Syd Burrows, Director of Housing in Coral Gables, has sent us some interesting news of several of the Permanent Party men who were stationed in the Gables.

"Most of the sergeants were sent to redistribution centers in Texas. They all write to assure us that they wished they were back in Coral Gables and will see us after the War.

"Capt. Walker, Lts. Schwab and Meyers came in to say good-bye the other day. They have just returned from a Special Service School in Virginia. They told us that word comes from the men taking advanced Technical Training that if you come from most schools you may "wash out," but not if you come from Embry-Riddle.

"We have a letter from S/Sgt. Arthur J. Wette who is in a hospital in San Antonio, Texas. He hopes to be back in Miami before too long. He says, 'Wherever one goes, one usually meets a former Riddle student and they more than compare favorably with any other student. Many already have ratings higher than mine.'



The Most You Can Save Is The Least
You Can Do . . . Buy War Bonds

COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Mary Frances Quinn

Hello and Como Vae:

It seems everyone who writes a column for the first time always offers an excuse. But me—all I can say is Wain asked for it, so here goes.

Did you all enjoy that Thanksgiving holiday and all the fixings? I'm sure you did. Several of our personnel came in Friday with that contented look.

The girls at the "Dorm" certainly did have a wonderful turkey dinner for some of the boys from the Biltmore Hospital. But I'm sure Suzie Bryan has told you all about that in her Dorm Life column, so I refer you to that for details.

Speaking of turkey—Betty Hirsch won the turkey for the Colonnade. It was rather funny the way her competitors, Dick Whitehurst and Bill Liversedge, practiced for the finals and when the final game was played little Betty walked away with the turkey. Congratulations.

Brazilian Pay Day

"Gramp" Carpenter and his staff are very busy these days with all these different groups leaving for Brazil. His is the responsibility that must provide salary remunerations for the Embry-Riddle pioneers.

We understand from good authority that our boss, Mr. Branch, is way ahead of Mr. Perron in their daily chess game. Does that account for that ever pleasant disposition, Mr. Branch?

We are sorry to learn that Beatrice Brice of the Accounting department left us last Saturday. And, of course, we are all going to miss that pretty face of Helen Pennoyer. But we didn't expect to keep her when her Penn came home.

Margaret Missio returned Monday from her vacation in New York City. Glad you're back, Margaret.

Did you know we have a singer in our midst? Betty Barns, from Accounts Payable, sang on the "We The Patients Speak" broadcast Saturday evening from the Biltmore Hospital. If you didn't happen to be listening then, I suppose you heard her at the Country Club. It was very nice, too, Betty.

Connie Odette of the Sales department is happy and sad at the same time, if that is possible. Sad that her husband has shipped out, but happy that he has been promoted to Chief Petty Officer. I understand he is one of the youngest of the

regulars ever to be made Chief Petty Officer.

Ann Parks has been entertaining a few Free French officers by conversing with them in Spanish. That is, at least, to the ones who understand Spanish, who then translate in French to their friends. I know, my head is going around too!

Good Heavens! It's harder to end this column than it is to write it, so I'll just say so long for now.

BRASIL NO MIAMI

Continued from Page 7

advantage of the exchange rate to the U. S. workers was wiped out and only hardship was the result for the natives of the countries.

As can be imagined, the feeling toward us was not very good and those of us who had been there for some time and had to continue living there were severely handicapped.

Let us remember then that we are in Brazil for a purpose. Let us fulfill our obligations in that respect and while in Brazil conduct ourselves so that we may command their respect and win a place for our country and ourselves in the hearts of Brazilians. If we do this, the entire country will be open to us. If we fail, we might better have stayed home.

Adeus
Vultarei

GOGGIN

Continued from Page 5

reel cameramen, the American Consul and mobs of people. The most thrilling sight of all was the meeting of Edith del Junco and her parents, residents of São Paulo.

We went directly to the Immigration Buildings for the dedication of our school by the Governor of the State and the Air Minister. Afterward we made a tour of the buildings and saw where we will do our stuff.

It is a huge place and when they are through overhauling it, it will be ideal for our school. It has a big mess hall and kitchen, a hospital, laundry and all sorts of things. From there we went to the Esplanada Hotel where we had lunch with Dr. Salgado Filho.

Whoops! Mappin Stores have marvelous hairdressers as we found Saturday afternoon and for Cr. 19\$,00 you can have a shampoo, wave and manicure. Don't spend too much money in Rio, because things are cheaper here in São Paulo. And, girls, bring hats and gloves. Do wear suits, comfortable ones with cotton blouses, and an extra one or two in your dressing case, because it is hot on the ground and plenty cool in the air (after you take off).

Saturday night we had another press conference and more of those horrible pictures were taken out at the Chateaubriand radio station, where we were en-

I'M NOT MAD
AT YOU ANY MORE
JIMMIE - REALLY!



tertained with a program in tribute to Mr. Riddle, his school and his instructors.

Sr. Chateaubriand is the "Hearst" of Brazil and certainly has taken us under his wing. The school is going to put on a radio program every week, so be practicing your stuff, especially your Portuguese.

We just can't realize that we are in Brazil. The food is good, the steaks are thick and juicy and we are eating our heads off. People are so kind and friendly and seem to go out of their way to make us comfortable.

All for now, *Amiguinhos*.
Até Logo,
Dorothy

LEHMAN

Continued from Page 4

cheese sandwiches predominate, but there was excellent fruit cake in my lunch today.

The radio man is checking out on his first run and looks to be not a day over 18. He is a Miami boy named Earl Yeadaker. The pilots' names are Smith and McCoy. All the crew are very nice and don't mind our bothering them.

The weather continues smooth. We are all getting sentimentally attached to this plane and by the time we get to censored we will hate to leave her.

I still think of you constantly and am already counting the time until we can be together again.

Love,
Bill

Editor's Note: The above letter was written by William Lehman to his wife, Joanne, during the trip to São Paulo, Brazil, where Embry-Riddle is operating a new technical training school.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to the following may be obtained from Florence Gilmore in the Tech School Mail Room: Robert Johnson, George C. Kasen and Martin McEnervy.



AIRCRAFT ^{AND} ENGINE DIVISION



DEAR ADDIE:

How is every little thing up there in Pennsylvania? Everything is about the same down here. You know—rain, bugs and then more rain. Guess what? I saw the sun the other day!

I'm only kidding. It's really OK down here. I'm working for a company named Embry-Riddle. Ever hear of it? My job is to help recondition spark plugs. The gang I work with, 10 girls and 2 men, couldn't be nicer.

One of our girls, Ora Zoller, is in the hospital recuperating from a sudden but successful operation. Gladys Williams, Ora's friend, keeps us posted on her condition. Right now it's fair and she's improving rapidly. Ora and Gladys are our sandblasters.

Nellie Abercrombie is taking Ora's place until she comes back. You should see Nellie sandblast. She's going to break her own record if she doesn't watch out.

We've got two girls named Ruby and one named Pearl in our department. Pearl Nelson is our newest addition. She's so quiet you hardly know she's around. Just to think, I used to be that way. I hope Pearl likes us too.

It doesn't matter how much Ruby Pafford tries to be a good girl, she never reaches the end of the day the way she started out. Someone is always sneaking up behind her and scaring her to death. You should hear some of the yells she lets out. The other day I poured some ice water down her back. Whew! I'm going to start calling her "Air Raid Siren Pafford."

Our other Ruby is Ruby Bosley. She and Ruby Pafford and I sit and set all day. Ruby Bosley has been setting plugs longer than the rest of us so she can really go to town. If Ruby doesn't stop eating so much chocolate candy I'm afraid she'll turn a pale brown.

Jo Petrucci has us going in circles trying to keep up with her husband. He's in the Coast Guards so she has a hard time keeping up with him herself. One morning she comes dashing in and says, "Joey left last night." So we spend our time feeling sorry for her and then next morning she comes dashing in, "Joey is back. He just had duty last night." And the next morning she starts all over again. At the end of the week my head is spinning so fast I don't even know where I am, much less Joey.

Rose Busse has been in this department longer than any of the rest of us. I guess Rose has done about every job in here. Right now she is running the lathe. That's the machine that you put the thing in here and while the thing over there goes around the thing down here gets rounded off. I wonder who invented such a complicated thing.



BRING BACK THAT COKE BOTTLE

You should hear some of the crazy sounds that come out of our department. Nine times out of ten it's Betty Fowler getting shocked on the bomb testing machine. For some reason or other, Betty and that machine just can't get along together.

Barbara Niles knows how to do almost everything in the department, but I think her favorite job is unpacking. It's not as easy as it sounds. Just try taking thousands of spark plugs out of little boxes, taking caps and gaskets off and setting them up in little holes on a board.

John Lord and Edward Stahl keep the buffers going. It's about the dirtiest job in the department. At the end of the day John and Edward have to scrape their way out from behind the dirt.

I guess that's about everyone except Ike Haviland. Mr. Haviland is our boss and he really has a job on his hands keeping us girls in order. After putting out 5000 plugs a week, do you know what he does on Sunday? He plays golf. Mr. Haviland must have discovered a secret vitamin pill to give him all his energy.

I've run out of people so I have to stop now. Lucky you. Write soon.

SHIRLEY MITCHELL.

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

ARCADIA DIVISION

by Bleeka Kistler

I believe all enjoyed the Dart Bowl games every day at noon last week. Not only those playing but those looking on seemed to take a great interest in each

and every score. Congratulations to Mollie French and Pappy Mayer, who were the winners of the Thanksgiving turkeys. Both made the highest score each time.

It has been suggested that the female employees in the shop wear uni-



Bleeka

form slacks of some shade of blue, preferably navy. This suggestion was met with hearty approval throughout the shop and

everyone seems to think the sooner this is done the better.

You can't beat those "snazzy" offices in the center of the hangar with all those windows. The office personnel have their chests all expanded over their new domain. We don't mind Boss Klint's watchful eye so we like it too.

The plans for our Canteen are all finished and from what I can make out it is really going to be great. Not being a reader of blue prints, I couldn't decide about a lot of things but it will be something to be proud of.

Dave Pearce has really been a busy man and a hard one to keep track of. No matter where you look for him he has just left and is headed for some other department. I hear he contemplates the use of roller skates.

If anyone noticed an unusual glow about Rena Waters today, he'd probably be interested in knowing that her husband, Pvt. Menzie Waters, came home on furlough from the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C.

A funny sight was the moving of the equipment in the Inspection offices with Rames driving the truck and Charles Berberian shouting for them to be careful with his furniture. Al Williams bringing up the rear with the heavier pieces—such as pencils and paper.

It seems that almost all of Overhaul spent Thanksgiving hunting. Everyone seems to have the fever since hunting season opened. Tall tales are being told about the amount of game killed that day.

LeRoy Frier is all smiles and I think I know the reason. He's beaming because he has those wings spread throughout his own department and also the space that was meant for the department of your correspondent. You might as well move over, for we're coming in, Frier.

Wednesday the four departments that occupy Hangar No. 3 brought covered dishes instead of the usual sandwiches. We spread our dinner, which consisted of chicken, all kinds of salads, pickles, olives, rolls and every kind of pie and cake. After we saw such a feast in sight, we decided we needed a speaker so we called on Charles McRae, who really made a swell talk.

We enjoyed this so much that we plan to do it again near Christmas. We decided we have swell cooks as well as efficient workers in Aircraft Overhaul.

Visitors this week were Lt. Henderson, Area Activity Officer at Warner Robins; Joe Horton and Ted Nelson, Mr. Horton's secretary, Kathryn Sieffert, and Julius Bayard, a foreman in Engine Overhaul at Miami.

Make Every Pay Day Bond Day

WING FLUTTER

by Medora Barling

Last Saturday Aircraft Overhaul held its second monthly get-together. The program was opened by Emanuel Burt who pinch-hit as Master of Ceremonies and did an excellent job on such short notice.

The opening song by the entire group was a service medley followed by *Paper Dolly*. Charles "Scottie" Burnett, one of the group and a former radio entertainer, next gave out with *Bell Bottom Trousers* which brought many a laugh from the gathering.

Dick Hourihan then introduced the first guest speaker, Lt. Edward Francis Pincus, who gave an interesting talk on his experiences over England and Africa as a member of a bombing crew.

Flight Officer W. J. Mackey then was introduced. F/O Mackey was a fighter pilot flying P-38s over Africa, Sicily and Italy and told many amusing stories of his experiences. Later he told this writer that he was afraid his talk left the impression that it was all just one big picnic and this was not at all his intention as War is a very serious and nerve-racking business.

Both Lt. Pincus and F/O Mackey were decorated on many occasions and deserve a little rest and relaxation.

Mr. Burt then introduced Karen Linford, who sang *Sunday, Monday and Always* and it was really beautiful. Vi Holland led the group singing accompanied by Gertrude Clark at the piano. Both are to be congratulated on such a wonderful job.

The meeting closed with the group singing *God Bless America*.

Watch for this, everyone: Marge is getting her long blond glory cut. The place won't seem like home without that hair swinging in my early-morning cigarette.

And a word to my reporters: Get on the ball and get some news or next week we will have only blank pages.

Bye now.



FLIGHT OFFICER W. J. MACKEY claimed he had "mike fright" when he addressed the assembly at Aircraft Overhaul, but he certainly doesn't look it.

GYRO NOTES

by Walter Dick

We promised that if possible you would hear what has been keeping me down in "Special Projects" the past two weeks. The whole story is not ready yet, but will tell you this: it is a Collimator that is being built and is now virtually complete. What is a Collimator and for what is it used? For the answer to both read the story next week.

Mr. Rothchild, our draftsman who has been working up at Tech School, is again back with us. So glad to have you back.

News has reached us that Ann Westervelt, who was formerly with us and is now with the WAC, has been transferred to Carlsbad, N. M.

Helen McKay's husband visited our shop Saturday afternoon. A nice looking chap you have there, Helen.

Larry Bernstein has just written a volume of up-to-the-minute news and stuff

to William McAllister, now in the Navy, which is a real masterpiece. We wanted to copy it for our column, but Larry is too modest. We may be able to give you a few excerpts from it next week.

We have just received a large shipment of instruments, so, folks, it's up and at them. Those instruments will help train the boys who will fly over Berlin if they themselves do not go. Now do your best in getting them out—then make it better by investing a good portion of what you receive for this work in War Bonds. In this way you will be doing a double job. It still won't be too much—you can't do that.

That's all for now, folks.

A. D. D.'s.

by Dorothy Keyser

If you ask Mildred Brooks, she can tell you just how many hours it is till Christmas. And you'uns in Jacksonville, just ask Al. Mr. Porter is back from his well-deserved vacation beaming with vim, vigor and vitality. Would like to try some of those vacation vitamins myself.

Happy to hear that Mrs. Hendrix finally has recovered from that long siege of illness. By the time you read this, Pat Mac'll be minus those infamous tonsils. Milly, maybe you oughta stay home this Christmas and take care of yours.

Ah, rays of sunshine in my cloudy life! So glad to have you back with us, Jack Salter. Aircraft's loss is our gain.

We all are thankful they started reconstruction on our 32nd Street "highway." Or maybe Ruben isn't so thankful. Each time he proceeds to unpark his car it does the Jersey bounce over that lil mountain on the edge of the road. Wear and tear on the disposition . . . of the car.

Back to our passing parade of last week: Major Frese stopped by, just for a friendly chat. Lt. Eugene Simonis was here with E. R. Sills on a technical inspection tour. Final wish . . . that all visitors would leave Technical Sergeants like Charles Fantasky parked outside my window.



LT. EDWARD FRANCIS PINCUS, at the microphone, addresses members of the personnel at Aircraft Overhaul, Miami. Associate Editor Richard Hourihan is standing at his left and Flight Officer W. J. Mackey is sitting at his right.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

Jack Hopkins, Editor

With all flying schedules well up, Riddle Field took a holiday on Thanksgiving.

Most of the personnel stayed in Clewiston and Moore Haven for their Turkey

Day, but a few got to Miami and Palm Beach and a still fewer number had the good fortune to be able to start on short leaves.

The Cadets had their Thanksgiving feast here at the Field on Tuesday evening, and what



Hoppy

a feast it was. Chief Steward Nicodemus and his chefs served roast turkey and dressing, mashed potatoes with giblet gravy, English peas, cranberry sauce, sliced tomatoes, pickles, olives, celery, hot rolls and butter, pumpkin pie, fresh apples and sweet cider. Wow!

Then on Thanksgiving evening, a large number of the boys went to Miami and Palm Beach where they were the guests on Thanksgiving Day of many of the residents of those cities. All reported a fine time and all were thankful for their excellent treatment.

Course 15 started on its "pre-wings" leave during the Thanksgiving Holiday.

Fred G. Howe, Jr.

Primary Instructor Fred G. Howe, Jr., who was killed in a crash last week, was the second Instructor at Riddle Field to lose his life while in the service of his country.

Fred was born in Canada and received his education there. After coming to the States, he did some photography work before starting his aviation career.

Howe was 29 years of age, single, and had been here some 10 months. He was a popular fellow with other instructors and with his cadets, who join with the entire personnel in extending to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Howe of Miami, their deepest sympathies.

A number from here attended Fred's funeral on the 23rd, and several wreaths of flowers were sent. The R.A.F. was represented by Flying Officer Corbett.

The thought here last Thanksgiving was not only are we thankful for our security here in the United States, but we are thankful that we have men like Fred Howe fighting and working to maintain and preserve that security.

The Mail Bag

P/O Johnny Jordan, Course 13, is instructing . . . Dick Owen, formerly with Post Supply, sends greetings to Riddle Field from the University of Miami, where he is taking a Navy V-12 Course . . . Regret to hear of the deaths of J. V. Stuart-Duncan and Phillip Price, Course 3, who were

killed in action . . . Greetings to Fred Perry and Bob Johnston from Paul Prior, former Primary Dispatcher and now Naval A/C at Corpus Christi . . . A number of our personnel and friends in Clewiston and Moore Haven have started receiving Christmas cards from former students here.

On Spitfires

F/Sgt. Reg Farrow, Course 6, writes that he is still on Spitfires and now is doing operational work over France. He reports that Dowlen of his Course is in India, while our good friend, Ronnie Vaughan, is reported missing after a bomber raid over Germany.

Course 10 news comes via Russel Townsend, who had just returned from training in Scotland. There, he was with Sgts. Spragg and Moody and P/O Dixon. Maurice Saunders is on single-engine fighters, while Joe Coates is on heavies. Russel is also in touch with Neville Periera. All of these boys were with Course 10.

Another fine letter, which we hope to reprint in full in this or the next issue, came from Clifford Raikes, Course 12.

Sgt. W. G. Buckman, Course 13, has written requesting a copy of his Course's Listening Out, which is now en route to him. He also asks to be remembered to Mr. Dugger and Mr. Reid, "who so ably impressed on my mind 'Center the needle, center the ball, etc.'"

We were also very pleased to get a letter from Sgt. Bob Lasham, who graduated with Course 4. It is chock full of information about others in his Course, so we will reprint it in a later edition.

Here and There

Latest addition to the Canteen is its "mobile unit" which is operated by Eddie Green, the colored waiter. Eddie takes his cart full of sandwiches, cookies, drinks, etc., to the hangars at rest periods and saves many a step for the mechanics and other personnel located there. Mrs. Welsh, Canteen Manager, is to be congratulated for inaugurating this service.

Leaving with Course 15 are two fellows who have been together for a long time, D. Flack and R. F. Spinks. The boys enlisted together in the R.A.F. and were UT fitters together, were transferred as aviation cadets together, were at the same pre-flight school, have done all their training together here, and now win their wings together. They are hoping that they will have the good fortune to be united upon leaving this station.

Shortly, Course 15 will be leaving for their next posting, so we want to take this opportunity of wishing them all the best in their respective futures. Leaders of the Course have been R. A. Jones, Senior Under Officer, J. P. Bray, Course Under Officer, and S. G. Barron, G. Craven, L. W. Brooks and J. H. Robertson, Flight Leaders.

The long-awaited touch football battle between Mechanics and Instructors was postponed last week because of the Thanksgiving Holiday but was scheduled to be played last Wednesday. New York bookies were taking only even odds on the betting.

The luckiest instructor of recent weeks was ex-primary instructor George Hall, whose good fortune it was to be assigned immediately to B flight, thereby saving himself the time and effort of working up to this Flight—the ultimate aim of all conscientious advanced instructors. Oh, you lucky fellow!

S/L Hill has just returned from Washington and announces that No. 5 B.F.T.S. again was tops of all the British Flying Training Schools in the country with the Course 15 Wings Exams. Figures will be ready for the next issue, but congratulations now to the Ground School Instructors.

Course 17

We prophesied that we would break all previous records, didn't we? Well, we simply hate to boast but must admit that every known Primary Flying record has gone "up the spout" before the ruthless onslaught of the junior course.

We're still bragging. Our sports representatives inform us that Course 16 took a thorough thrashing the other night when they attempted to continue their fluke successes on the sport field in a game of "seven-a-side" American touch football. Hard luck, boys—keep trying!

Did you hear the story of the cadet who sent a juicy love letter to the laundry? He was quite embarrassed when he had a special request that future installments should be sent in the left-hand breast pocket!

This week's funny story is all about an officer who was on his way home from Palm Beach. It so happened that an old lady boarded the bus at Belle Glade and, seeing his peaked cap, politely tendered the fare, telling him to make sure that he stopped at South Bay. What she received as a reply is none of your business.

They sprang the exams on us sooner than we anticipated, but when you read this, we hope to be sunning 'neath Miami skies.

P.S.—A new definition of low flying is rather aptly put by Cadet Fellowes. He says, "Low flying is that state of flight when it's dangerous to apply the brakes."

Course 16

Last week was a "red-letter" week for open posts and days off.

Everyone enjoyed himself immensely on Thanksgiving and even a three-hour bus ride down to Miami late in the evening didn't dampen spirits.

They were, however, dampened at the week-end with the rapid approach of pre-wings. Everyone is hoping for the best and busily writing out gen to see if they can remember it (?).

Formation flying has now started with everyone walking around with a permanent crick in the neck.

TECH TALK

by Ann Bailey

Authors have always held my admiration, good ones, I mean. It has always been a secret wish of mine to be able to write something that would be worth reading, but every time I think I have a plot and try to put it down—nothing happens. Guess that leaves me wide open.

Well, Dorothy Burton nearly scared me to death by asking me to do Tech Talk. I had the same feeling I had the time in high school when I was asked to sing a Danish song in assembly. Like writing, I can't sing either. The audience was very polite and dutifully applauded. I wasn't fooled though; I'd been told by loving kinsfolk that I definitely had no operatic ability.

Eleventh Hour

To get back from secret passions and desires to Tech Talk, came the eleventh hour and I began to hustle around for gossip, and here is what I have to present to you who are kind enough to follow me this far.

To those who have not yet visited our new quarters on the third floor, we extend a cordial invitation. We are rather proud of our set-up. With us as instructors we have, first, the hard-to-get-a-picture-of Mr. Moorhead as our Chief Instructor. H. (ask

him what that stands for) Vanderver, teaches code and theory; Daniel B. Mathis is our maintenance man. By the way, it takes a work order signed by W. R. Burton and Mr. Moorhead before he will look at your radio.

Note to Santa

Edwin Hadden is the most recent addition to our radio family, and his pet hobby is pipes. Santa please note. He teaches theory. Yours truly is chief cook and bottle washer. I look after office, Instructors and pinch-hit on instructing P. R. N. (medical for when necessary). Anyhow, come see us.

Then from other sources I find out that our good friend, Pvt. Eric Sundstrom, No. 34794837 (why would they give a nice chap like Eric such a number?) is getting put through the paces at Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Margaret Walker in our library is departing. She wishes to take this opportunity to wish all her friends good-bye and best of luck. Best of luck to you, Margaret, wherever you are destined.

M. L. Wiggins, an Engine department student, is not able to finish his course—Uncle Sam needs him. Good luck, Wiggins. Here's a piece of news which I was very

SUPPER DANCE

The Embry-Riddle Christmas party will be a formal supper dance at the Macfadden-Deauville Hotel on December 18. A buffet supper will be served at eight o'clock and dancing will continue until one.

Admission will be \$2.50 per person, and all tickets must be obtained in advance from the Fly Paper office at Tech. Please make your reservations early.

glad to hear and only wish it had happened to me. Marty Warren's brother-in-law, Capt. Pennoyer, has just arrived home to Helen from the fighting front. Happy landings and I hope he is home for good.

Speaking about Marty Warren, several girls are wondering where she gets all her pretty shoes. How's the typing coming along, Marty? Can you do your name without peeking?

It seems the Drafting department has a new charmer for the Dorm girls—Roy Avchen from New Jersey. Seems he has more drawing ability than what goes down on black and white. *Ouch!*

Col. Rich's platinum blonde daughter, Ruth, has decided to help keep the inter-office correspondence going. Neat, very neat.



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